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POEM

On the Erecting a Groom-Porter's-House adjoining to the Chapple, in the Castle of Dublin.

A Purgatory is a Jest
Contrivance of a cunning Priest,
No middle Seat for sinners is
To purge their Souls for purest Bliss,
A Wall of Chrystal Heav'n disjoins
From Luciferian dark Confines,
And this is plainly prov'd to us
By th' Chappie and the Gaming House,
For a Wall only hinders Union
Between the Dice and the Communion,
And but a thin Partition Guards
The Common Pray'r Book from the Cards,
Here is the Crape the Faith defending
There Powder'd Ties with Ties contending,
Here C———t's Chaplains read us Pray'rs,
There Games the Fop and the Beau swears,
There we desire our Bilard daily
There we run in and lose it gayly,
When Christ went into his House of Pray'r
And saw the Money Changers there,
Their Tables he with Rage o'er threw,
And lash't the Publican and Jew,
He whipt them out, for then the Word
Was more prevailing than the Sword,
O pious *B--lt-r* by thy Saviour
Square in this Case all thy behaviour,
Drive out this unbelieving Crew
The Fop, the Soldier and the Beau,
In Pieces crush this damn'd Device,
Burn all their Cards and break their Dice;
Desist o *F--d* for none Believes
That House to be a Den of Thieves.

FINIS.